

# The Evening World.

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## THE MAYOR'S ICE.

Gov. Roosevelt says Mayor Van Wyck must explain about the Ice Trust stock he owns.

The Mayor explained once and the explanation convicted him.  
His explanations do not explain.

## THE EVENING WORLD'S DAILY FORUM.

Signed Editorials on Leading Topics of the Day by Recognized Authorities.

### LIGHTNING AND SKYSCRAPERS.

By

MAX OSTERBERG, E. E., A. M.,  
Consulting Engineer.

**A**MONG the powerful phenomena which impress many of us with awe, many with fear and many with a keen appreciation of the sublimity of nature, is the common but frequent occurrence of the stroke of lightning. Not preventable when the natural cloud conditions tend to produce it, not manageable when once discharged, but still to an extent controllable, this wonderful spectacle which in the one hundred-thousandth part of a second may destroy millions worth of property, may lead to lives of many with a warning, has long been the topic for scientific investigations, which have only been sporadic on account of the imminent danger connected therewith. Still it has been determined that a stroke of lightning may develop as much as 7,000 horse-power, a power sufficient to move two hundred large street cars simultaneously or to furnish power for as many as 70,000 incandescent lamps. Fortunately, however, modern building methods and especially the sky-scraper, have worked out their own salvation. The intimate contact of an immense iron framework of a modern building with the ground, extending to considerable depths, is one of the most perfect lightning preventives. The electricity stored up in the earth travels through the iron framing of buildings to combine with the electric charges stored up in the clouds. This is a slow but constant and continuous process, and prevents the suddenness of the fierce discharge called lightning. Thus the great electrical storms will gradually disappear from our business centres as the height and number of sky-scrapers increase, but even if under extraordinary conditions a discharge should take place, the iron frame will receive the same and carry it off into the earth. Thus an occasional damage to a flagpole or chimney or tower is the worst to be expected. Let us hope that these facts will set at rest some of our anxious wives and mothers who worry over the men whose daily duties make them spend most of the time in the tall buildings of a modern city.

*Max Osterberg*

### RINGLETTED YOUTH.

Translated for The World from the Irish by Dr. Douglas Hyde.

**R**INGLETTED youth of my love,  
With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,  
You passed by the road above,  
But you never came in to find me.  
Where were the harm for you,  
If you came for a little to see me?  
Your kiss is a waking dew,  
Were I ever so sick or so dreary.

If I had golden store  
I would make a nice little bower  
To lead straight up to his door,  
The door of the house of my store.  
Hoping to God not to miss  
The sound of his footfall in it,  
I have waited so long for his kiss  
That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love, you were so  
As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,  
And I thought after that you were snow,  
The bright snow on top of the mountain;  
And I thought after that you were more  
Like God's lamp shining to find me,  
Or the bright star of knowledge before  
And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes  
And satin and silk, my storeen,  
And to follow me—never to lose  
Though the ocean were round me roaring  
Like a bush in a gap in a wall  
I am now left lonely without thee,  
And this house I grow dead of, is all  
That I see around and about me.

### SEARCHLIGHT FISH.

Many deep-sea fish carry searchlights. One species, called the chiselmouth, emits a strong, white light. Another glows with a red, golden light, like a small incandescent lamp, while yet another carries a lantern on its head that emits bright green rays.

### THE HEN AND HER EGGS.

The common hen lays about 50 or 60 eggs in ten years. In the first year the number is only 10 to 15. In the second, third and fourth 100 to 125 each, whence it again diminishes to 10 in the last year.

### Lucky Choir Boys.

The choir boys of St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, in accordance with ancient custom, have the right of claim to 5 shillings as "spare money" from any military man wearing his spurs in church during service.

### Farmers Get Together.

The most characteristic feature of Siberian farm life is that the farmers live not scattered all over the country, remote from neighbors, but in villages as near as possible to land they are cultivating.

### A Half-Pound Insect.

The "giant beetle" of Venezuela is the largest insect in the world. A full-grown one weighs about half a pound.

## Laura Jean Libbey



### ARE SHOPGIRLS PRIVOLOUS?

Copyright by the Free Press Publishing Company.  
Are shopgirls privolous? This is what "A. Vicious Bachelor" would like to know.  
He also observes: "I have often watched great throngs of them emerge from the great department stores, and their gay, dancing steps and bold manners impressed me with their frivolity. I wonder, therefore, at the great amount of sentiment wasted over their so-called idiosyncrasies. I should very much like to know your views on the subject in the near future in The Evening World."

The treadmill existence of any of the young ladies in the great department stores is by no means an enviable one, the hours are long and their duties exacting.

Can you wonder, then, that they feel a great, exhilarating relief when they leave the scene of their daily work, and when they can go to the country and step out into the bright, glad, warm sunlight? The fresh air is good, and the sunshine is good, no wonder their laughing steps quicken and their tired eyes brighten under the spell of its magic influence, and a smile comes to their lips as the cool, glad breeze blows across their faces. Their buoyancy is merely the reaction that takes place as their tired muscles, which have been strained up to a high tension all day long, slowly relax. They experience the same feeling as school children do who are released from the school-room after an arduous day of mental exertion, and feel the same indefinable impulse that over them to laugh and frolic along and make merry.

As for being frivolous, they are far from it, removed from it, for, in many an instance, these brave young girls find many an hour's work swathing them in the home roof over their tired heads touch the pillow. Many of these noble maidens are the sole support of aged fathers and mothers, little brothers and sisters.

The wonder is that they can feel the glow of exuberance coursing through their veins when life holds for them such heavy burdens. It shows, however, that their hearts are light and happy, despite their arduous toil, and that hope waits upon the future.

They may be merry and bright, my friend, and I thank God that they are generally speaking, but as to their being frivolous—no, no, they are not that. I am glad to say. Yet even though they were, I should not consider it a fault, money the light-heartedness natural to youth wherever you find it.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Laura Jean Libbey writes for The Evening World by arrangement with the Family Story Paper.

### A BLUE BLOOD CHAMPION.



This is a picture of Lady Constance Mackenzie, the champion woman swimmer of England. In a recent competition she won honors in shadow swimming, diving, waiting and fancy strokes. The contest was watched by about fifty women of title. No men were present.

### FIRST AID TO WOUNDED HEARTS.

By Harriet Hubbard Ayer.

#### A clandestine Love Affair.

I am seventeen years old and am in love with a young man of twenty. I love him dearly and he loves me, but my mother does not allow me to go out very much and she does not know of my love. Don't you think I am old enough to keep company?

DEAR BROKEN E. R.—  
Your mother is your best friend and can advise you in this matter with more wisdom than any one else. A girl of seventeen needs the counsel of some one of more experience than herself and your mother can give her full consent. Don't deceive her. There is nothing so heart-breaking to a hard-working, patient mother as to find that her daughter is keeping her in the dark in regard to the most important affair of her life.

If he is a good, steady young fellow and able to support you and you find after a time that your happiness lies in each other, your mother will unquestionably give her full consent. Don't deceive her. There is nothing so heart-breaking to a hard-working, patient mother as to find that her daughter is keeping her in the dark in regard to the most important affair of her life.

The only way a man ever wins a girl's honest affection has been by making himself more attractive to her, more necessary to her happiness than any other.

It is a perfectly fair proposition; you have an even chance with any other young man, but you must go in on your merit. Incidentally I should have a frank talk with this young lady and ask her very gently to explain her contradictory behavior.

Good for Something.

The internal bone of the cuttlefish is used in the manufacture of tooth-powder.

## LAUGHS WILL FLOW WHERE THESE JOKES GO.

### UMBRELLA FIEND.



When he isn't blocking the pavement—



He is pointing suddenly while looking the other way



Or he is clearing the sidewalk with his rotary action.



But some day!

### HAPPINESS ASSURED.

"What's this?" exclaimed the City Editor. "The extremely happy young couple left at once for the South. Why do you say 'extremely'?"

"Because," said the society reporter, who was married himself, "I understand neither bride nor bridegroom has any relatives in the world."

### A REAL SURPRISE.

"Was Mr. Pink surprised to hear about his nomination for Congress?"

"Yes," he said the only thing that could surprise him more would be to hear about his election."

### A TALE OF THE EAST.



It so happened one morning in Persia that as the Truly Benevolent but Slightly Perfurbed Grand Vizier was taking his chocolate he picked up a sporting paper and saw a picture of the now between Corbett and Fitzsimmons. It interested him at once, and calling his Highly Exalted but Somewhat Uneasy Prime Minister he said:

"That Assam, but here is something that we have somehow missed. Go thou out on the streets of my city and inquire if any of my subjects know of boxing gloves and how to use them. If thou canst find me a man who will put me up to the tricks of straight jabs, left-hooks and upper-cuts I will bestow upon him one hundred wives and a thousand goats."



The H. E. R. U. P. Minister bent his back and bowed his head and went forth, and after walking the streets for half an hour he came across a white-haired man with a broken nose who was just about to sign an agreement to "whip the Turkish Kid to a finish for the gate receipts. He was commanded to the presence of the Shah, with two sets of boxing gloves under his arm, and he lost no time getting there.



"I wouldst learn to box, O Son of a Gun," said the Shah as he threw off his robes and put on the gloves. "Teach me the art, and thy reward shall be as Assam has promised."

"But, Ruler of the World, I cannot teach thee unless I strike out," protested the light-weight.

"Of course not. Put on the gloves and lead for my nose."



The light-weight drew a thing or two, and he led gently and allowed the Shah to knock him off his pins with a counter. When this had happened about sixteen times, however, his fighting blood began to circulate; he thought himself in the ring with the Turkish Kid, and he hauled off and knocked the Truly Benevolent into the middle of next week, by a blow on the jaw.



At the end of seven minutes the Shah sat up and looked around, and presently, as he found his palace still standing, a beautiful smile stole over his face and he said:

"Son of a Gun, thou hast taught me boxing, and the wives and the goats are thine."

"Thankee, O Your Mightiness!" replied the light-weight.

"But as thou hast dared to thump your king at the same time, and as it was a thump which loosened four teeth and bit my tongue, Assam will see that your head is struck off and your grave kept as green as the state of our water works will permit!"

### MAKING THE BEST OF IT.



Margie B. B. Anon—about, and I'll be little. But hold on, what's that noise?



"That fellow is very fond of winking," he remarked, smiling at Phyllis. Phyllis smiled almost as sympathetically as the East Wind she was looking at.

"And do you know, I have been thinking that the East Wind is smiling," she returned. Angus swung around and looked at the pretty feminine head, with its long hair flying forward, and with deep, unfathomable eyes. To be looked back again at the pretty feminine head with wavy hair caught up neatly and with eyes which were also unfathomable. He smiled as though a pleasant thought had struck him.

"Perhaps she's smiling at Apollo. Perhaps they love each other," he suggested, while the East Wind smiled in the firelight to have the secrets of her plaster here thus disclosed. Phyllis blushed also, from mere sympathy, of course.

Then the East Wind, torn between maidenly shyness and a desire to prove to Apollo that the words of these mortal lovers were true, swayed on the wire which suspended her so eagerly that the wire gave way and she fell violently forward. Had not Phyllis sprung up quickly and caught her she would have been dashed to pieces on the floor. As it was she lay motionless in the kind arms which had saved her, no longer blushing, but quite white and still.

Apollo, on top of the piano, flushed more vividly than ever as Macnell told his beloved away from Phyllis. And he fairly beamed down on the human lover as his foot was placed by his side, leaning right against him.

"Old fellow looks pretty happy," ventured Angus, calling the attention of Phyllis to the satisfied air which dwelt in the attitude and expression of both casts. Phyllis nodded sweetly, but said nothing. Macnell drew a little nearer and looked down at her silently—for so long that Phyllis became nervous.

"I wonder what you are thinking of," he blurted out suddenly. Macnell swept the Turkish stool over the carpet with a movement full of haste and determination.

"Phyllis," said the human lover softly, "Phyllis, dear, I was thinking how very much I love you. It doesn't—displease you—that I should be thinking such things, my darling?"

Phyllis was silent and her lover drew both the little hands into his own.

"What are you thinking of, my dearest?" he asked, as the girl remained speechless.

"I am thinking that—that I love you, too," was the answer which he divined rather than heard, and the East Wind and Apollo craned their heads so far forward to see what was happening that they nearly came to an untimely end by dashing themselves down to destruction upon the keys of the piano. And after that well, when next morning came and the other pretty bachelor maidens would have separated the plaster lovers and put the distance of the room between them again Phyllis wouldn't hear of it.

"They look as if they were making love to each other," she explained, blushing, "and—well, I like to see them do it!"

### GREAT SNAKES!



Larry—Oh saw a snake with a policeman's head, Denny.

Denny—Go wan!

Larry—Yes, it wor a copper-head snake.

## The Day's Love Story

### A Wooing of the Gods



It was the bust of Apollo, which stood on top of the piano. She was the plaster cast of the East Wind which hung on the wall opposite. And they had somehow managed to fall in love with each other.

Phyllis Forester was the prettiest and sweetest of the bachelor maidens, or at least Angus Macnell believed so. And Phyllis invariably sat in the big Morris chair just in front of the bust of Apollo when she was entertaining company. The big Morris chair formed a beautiful frame for the adorable little Phyllis. Perhaps that was why she so often sat in it, although Angus Macnell didn't think so.

Angus himself almost always sat upon the Turkish stool just opposite the big chair. Sitting on this stool gave him an opportunity of leaning forward and thus bringing his eyes a few inches nearer Phyllis.

There was no light in the room but that of the open fire, and the East Wind and the Apollo were flirting openly and undisguisedly. Angus looked up suddenly and caught them at it.

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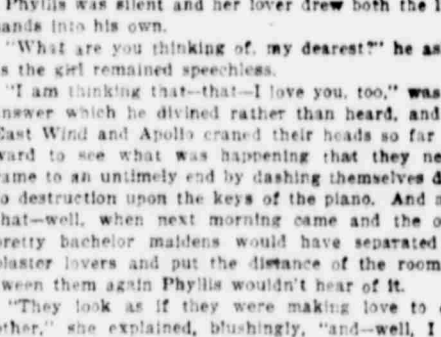
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### CROWN OF NUN'S VEILING.



A young lady's gown of pale pink nun's veiling. The skirt has a plain panel in front, groups of tucks at the sides, and in the back a graduated box plait, narrow at the top, wide at the bottom, forming the train.

The tucks at the sides are stitched down over the hips, then fly out, are again stitched down a short distance, and again fly out, giving the effect of a deep flounce.

## LITTLE ROMANCES IN THE NEWS OF THE DAY.

### CHICAGOENNE A MARCHIONESS



LADY BUTLER.

One more Chicago girl, Lady Arthur Butler, daughter of the late Gen. Anson Stiger, of Chicago, soon may succeed to a famous title. Lady Arthur is the wife of Lord Arthur Butler, who will succeed his elder brother, the Marquis of Ormonde and Vice-Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron, in the event of the latter's death. The Marquis, who has no heir, is now seriously ill. He is the owner of large estates in England and Ireland. In the event of his death Lady Arthur Butler would become the Marchioness of Ormonde, only four.

### MILLIONS IN BROOM CORN.



W. L. ROSEBOOM.

W. L. Roseboom, the "broom corn king," is a man who has made almost \$2,000,000 in the past two years out of an almost unknown commodity. Compared with wheat and corn and other products which are the mediums of exchange and speculation in large boards of trade throughout the world, the fortune this Chicagoan has amassed out of broom corn is remarkable.

### AN AMERICAN MONTE CRISTO.



MR. AND MRS. THOMAS F. WALSH.

Among the high flyers in Paris this Summer are Mr. and Mrs. Thomas F. Walsh. They give lavish entertainments and spend money with a free hand. Walsh is the owner of Camp Bird gold mine in the Ouray District, Colorado. The mine is worth \$3,000,000, and Walsh's income is \$100,000 a month. Their home is in Washington, D. C., where they have lived for three years in the house formerly owned by Jennings Miller. Walsh's wealth is not due to luck, but to hard work; he was born in Tipperary, Ireland, forty-nine years ago, and came to America in 1870.

### CHAS. HOYT'S GUARDIAN.



CHARLES O. LYFORD.

Charles H. Hoyt, the playwright, whose mental condition has been questioned, will have for his guardian from this time on Charles O. Lyford, of Concord, Mass.

### RICH BOY A JACK TAR.



RAMUEL FRITZ NAVE.

This young man, only seventeen, son of a M. Nave, millionaire grocer of St. Joseph, Mo., has enlisted in the American Navy as a common "landman." The boy is full of adventure.

### WONDERFUL NO. 4.

THERE are four cardinal points, four winds, four quarters of the moon, four seasons, four figures in the quadrille, four rules of arithmetic, four suits of cards, four quarters to the hour. We have four incisor and four canine teeth, and our forks have four prongs. The violin, greatest of all string instruments, has but four strings. Four of a kind is a pretty good hand at poker, even if they are only four.

### AN UGLY SPIDER.

THERE is a spider in the London Zoo, obtained from somewhere in the Sudan, that is the fiercest beast of his kind that ever spread out his legs in a menagerie. The ordinary spider has only four legs on a side. This creature has five, and those who have seen him find his counterpart in the terrible "devil-fish" described by Victor Hugo in his "Toilers of the Sea." The scientific name of the terror is Calocedon.

## QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

### Unless Forbidden by Laws.

Can a landlord raise a tenant's rent in the middle of the year, with the exception of May 1, who has occupied one of his stores for the last six years?  
N. MENDALLIS.

Yes and Yes.

Can a Catholic become President of the United States? Can a citizen's son become President if he is born in foreign parts while his parents are there on a visit?

Good Cheer.

What is the sign of a horse cricket singing every evening?  
BARNIE RIX.

Great Britain—13-inch Breech-loader. Which nation has the largest cannon? What is the size of the largest in the United States Navy?  
G. G. R.

H—Should—Third Finger, Left Hand—Diamond or Opal.

Should the man put the engagement ring on the lady's finger? Which finger? Also what sort of ring?  
J. P.

Eight Hours.

What constitutes a day's work in the Brooklyn Navy-Yard?  
A. AND B.